

WAR CRY



VOL. X. No. 20. (Toronto of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.) TORONTO, FEB. 17, 1894. (Published for Canada and Newfoundland.) PRICE 5 CENTS.

WITHOUT GOD, OR WITH GOD.

BY CORRESPONDENT BOOTH-CLIMBORN.

The human being is no constituted intellectual and morally that he must have some kind of a hope. He cannot live without it, whether a right hope or a wrong one, a hope of some kind he must have. Hope is the mainspring of every effort, the soul of every enterprise. Coming to hope is the first step to ceasing to live.

But we go further! Man is no constituted morally and spiritually that a spiritual hope is equally a necessity to him. His soul claims, demands as its mainspring, a radiant eternal hope, whose very nature

a certain number of years everything is successful; his wealth grows, he marries a devoted wife, children are blossoming around him, but suddenly a series of misfortunes overtakes him—an epidemic invades his household and snatches his loved ones from his arms; his commercial house crumbles in a financial crash, and see him now, stranded like a solitary wreck after a storm. He had built his hopes actively upon the moving sands of earthly things, and what is left to him now?

"Nothing," he cries, "nothing but

tion of our earthly hopes God constrains us to place them in things, heavenly and spiritual? Is not the inferior always sacrificed to the superior? Is not that the universal law? For instance, is not man always ready to sacrifice everything he has to save his life? Is not the mineral sacrificed to the vegetable, the vegetable to the animal, and the animal to mankind? I repeat, is not the inferior always sacrificed to the superior?

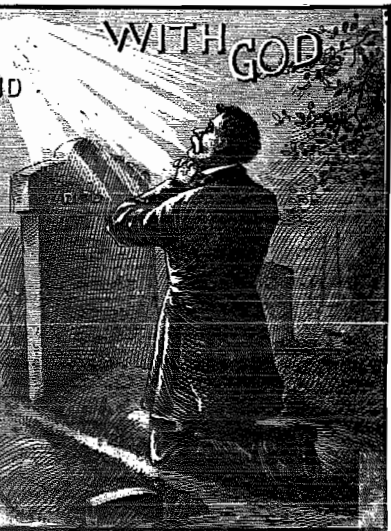
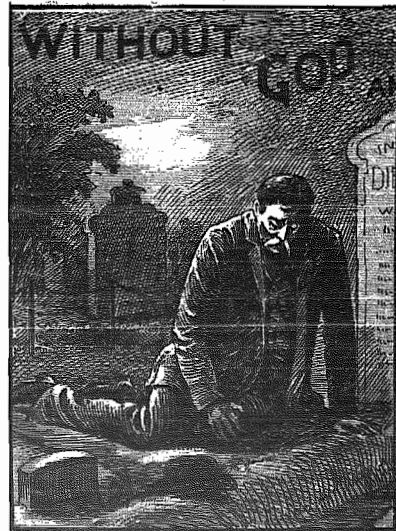
And man also, should he not force his physical nature to bend and yield to his intellectual and spiritual nature? and consequently, should not those hopes and aspirations which inspire him as an immortal soul have priority over all other hopes, to dominate and sanctify him?

What is despair? Is it not simply the natural reaction from false hopes, to desire more exalting than to see thousands of

gies for the advancement of the Kingdom of God! What more inspiring than to see the courage and resignation with which they endure the most direful of earthly experiences? Accustomed to walk in the light of His Holy Spirit, to contemplate everything in the light of eternity, and from God's standpoint, to value things solely in their relation to the Kingdom of God and to the Word of God, they pass onward with a confidence beautiful and holy. If on the one side they suffer as the sons of men, on the other they triumph as the sons of God. Despair can never unfold its gloomy opinions in the world of light which they inhabit.

"My soul, hope thou in God."

What happens to the man who bows his head and looks at the earth? His horizon



What is left to him now: "Nothing but Graves."

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

place it out of the reach of the uncertainties which mark all temporal aspirations. Therefore man must not only hope, but hope aright.

A wrong hope is worse than none, since it only deceives a man until it is too late to change.

Look at this young man just finishing his collegiate life and commencing his career! To him the future is filled with radiant brightness, because his heart is filled with hope. He possesses health, intelligence, friends, and a small capital that he is confident he can rapidly increase by assiduous and conscientious endeavor. For

some graves, where I can go and weep!"
Nothing more!
But should it be possible for a man created in the image of his God to cry: "Nothing more!"
Is there nothing for us but that which is perishable? Is there not something from above, higher, purer and more durable? Are there not superior blessings, the possession of which can bring consolation for the loss of those which are inferior? Is there not a spiritual world, where the children of God shall surely meet again their loved ones who have died in the Lord?
Is it not true that often in the destruc-

the people of the world who have experienced his delusions—the natural consequence of the lives they lead—grow irritated against God, against mankind, against everybody and everything—give themselves up to despair. And, alas, they know no other remedy for their despondency than to drink more deeply of the very fountains from whence their sorrows have come! They fling themselves into the whirlpool to seek oblivion.
But on the other hand, what can be more edifying, what more instructive, than to see those who have the hope of a glorious immortality "laying up their treasure in heaven," concentrating all their ener-

is bounded by a few feet of ground! So with the worldly who live only for himself, forgetful of God and humanity; so with the sinner who thinks only of earthly enjoyments of the passing hour, forgetful of heaven and eternity. All that they see is that narrow bit of earth at their feet. Oh, how shallow, how mischievous and misleading are their hopes!
But what sees the man who raises his head and looks upwards into the bright blue sky on the starry night? His vision changes into the infinite, and finds neither limit or boundary. It is the same with the man who hopes in God, who lays up treasures in heaven, who fights for the nation

Salvation Songs.

The Army's Marching On.

BY WILLIAM WATCHLIN.

TUNE—There's a march out in heaven.

1 Our Army's marching on
This dying world to win.
To free from Satan's clutch
Souls who are in sin;
With solemn bright singing
We march of our land and sea,
With Jesus as our Captain.
We are sure of victory.

VERSE CHORUS.
Oh, the day of victory's coming, etc.

We fight alone for Jesus
And dying souls around.
Who live in torments and
Where wickedness abound;
In heaven we find comfort
Fast going down to hell,
We bring them to the barracks,
Oh Christ alone we call.

SECOND CHORUS.
Oh, the drunkard may come,
And the swearer may come,
The moral we are after,
Those sleep in sin and sin,
The gambler and the swearer,
The thief and the thief;
All kinds and grades of sinners,
No matter who they be,
We point them to the barracks,
Who walk to rest there.

THIRD CHORUS.
Whoever will in the feast may share,
For Jesus' house there is bread and to eat;
Oh, come to Jesus, He is waiting, waiting
Oh, come, there is room for all.

Over all the news is spreading,
The Army's marching word,
We'll not give of our bodies,
Till none in sin are found;
Our officers we are sending,
The way peace came at night,
We'll rest one day in heaven
When all is as it should be.

FOURTH CHORUS.
There is sweet rest in heaven.
Forward to the Fray.

VERSE—Biting in the above,
2 Hark the trumpet sounding, warriors
To attack all evil, battle for the Lord;
Shout the mighty anthems, sing
Look to Jehovah, trusting in His
Word.

VERSE CHORUS.
Forward to the fray, forward to the fray,
Do not stop and linger, come while it is day;
Forward to the fray, forward to the fray,
For we are ready, not to stay.
Many now are halting, shy looking away,
We need reinforcements 'gainst the
Beckle on the armor while the battle's
enging.

In the strength of Jesus we are bound
to win.
Even the bravest content can be crowned
with victory.
While we wait the counsel of the Lord,
Devils may oppose us, try and overthrow us,
With our mighty Leader, victory is nigh.

Sometimes Weary.

VERSE CHORUS.
Tune—Jesus is the best Friend.
3 'Neath the flag of blood and fire
Are you sometimes weary?
Let us go on, let us go on,
And less hard on us higher.

VERSE CHORUS.
In the forest, lonely,
Who battle in
With all your strength and all your
Lives, lead on Him.

Jesus will not Pass You By.

Words and music by SGT. MAJOR J. T. RALLER, Victoria, B. C.

Moderate.

What a loving friend has Jesus been to me, One Who always listens

to my feeble cry, Soother and comforter when'er I Him I see, He

neverlight like many friends who, headless, pass me by. Jesus is waiting

for me, He will not pass me by, He will not pass me by.

VERSE CHORUS.
Oh, the day of victory's coming, etc.

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Thanks!
